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## THE TECH.

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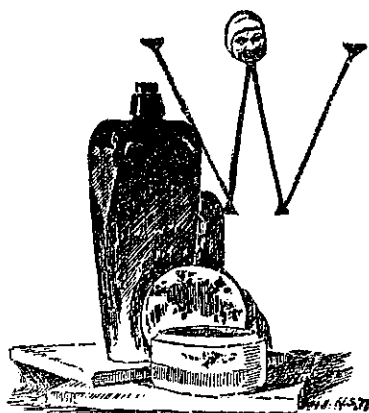
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HY would it not be a good idea to have an Institute pin? Instead of each one of the class societies adopting an especial pin of their own, which has no particular meaning attached to it, would it not be vastly better that they should all adopt some distinctive badge, which will immediately identify a man with the Tech.? There could be a shield of some sort on the pin on which the class number could be put, which would thus specialize a man's class, and serve all the purposes of a class society pin, besides that of a distinctive Institute badge. Of course it would not be right to expect '88 and '89 to change their pins, now that they have adopted designs; but the Society of '90 has as yet no pin, and '91 has not yet formed a society. If '91 should form a society, which they very probably will do, why cannot '90 and '91 combine in choosing such an Institute pin, which

can then be adopted by all the following classes? The custom of forming large class societies is, we think, a distinctively Institute custom, no other place having class societies which are so unrestricted as to membership. While this is in some respects no great advantage, it yet affords a great opportunity for becoming acquainted with the members of your own class, and makes up to a great degree our lack of dormitories. Therefore we hope that '91 and all following classes will keep up this custom, and also consider our suggestion in regard to an Institute pin.

LATELY there has been some talk of Harvard's buying the Institute for her own scientific school. As to the truth or falsehood of this rumor we are unable to state anything; but as such a plan does not seem so very improbable, a short discussion of the matter does not seem to us to be out of place.

As for the method of purchase, the only way we can see that it could be effected, would be for Harvard to give the Institute a sum of money for buildings and improvements on the present accommodations. Looked at from the Harvard side the scheme appears to be very advantageous, and one well worthy of putting through. What a grand university Harvard and M. I. T. would make together! Over two thousand students, and a large increase in the Faculty and Board of Instruction. Harvard would then much more nearly approach the foreign universities in size, and it could no longer be said that all the American universities were small in comparison to the European.

Then, too, Harvard wants a scientific school badly. It can scarcely be said that the Lawrence Scientific School is an honor to Harvard; and when compared to the Sheffield School of Yale and the Mines of Columbia, it dwindles

into insignificance. Either through misfortune or bad management at the first, the Lawrence School has never amounted to much, and as soon as the M. I. T. appeared as its rival, it was lost. Now, the two schools cannot be compared with each other, and it will be impossible for the Lawrence School ever again to rival the Institute. Therefore, wanting a scientific school badly, and having no hopes in their own, it is but natural that Harvard should look at the M. I. T. as very desirable.

Looking at the matter from the Institute side, however, the advantages do not seem so great.

Of course it would be nice to belong to the greatest university in the United States, and then, too, money might be more plentiful, and we might derive more from the increased facilities for working. But, on the other hand, we are doing very well now. In the last ten years we have nearly doubled the number of our students, and the number is increasing every year. Would it still continue to increase when it became known that the Tech. had passed into the hands of those men who have been running the Lawrence Scientific School? For, of course, it would be out of the question to expect that we could retain our own President and Faculty, and an entirely separate government? We are inclined to think that for the next few years, at least, the number of students would fall off very rapidly, and that it would take quite a while for the Tech. to make its way back again to its former position. Such a combination would prove a good thing for Sheffield, Mines, Lehigh, and Rennselaer Polytechnic.

On carefully going over all the advantages and disadvantages, it seems to us that the only advantage of any real, practical value, would be the increased amount of money the Institute might get to improve its facilities for teaching. Now, with all due respect to the feelings of any Harvard men who may see this editorial, the reputation of the Harvard authorities which has reached us, is one of extreme stinginess. Perhaps they can't lay hold of the money; but, at any rate, it isn't forthcoming. Now, with this reputation, can we expect that the Harvard au-

thorities will act differently to us than they do to Harvard? And would it be right to join the Institute to Harvard when we know that the only advantage would be money, and *that* we know we are not likely to get?

We do not wish our readers to think from this editorial that any active steps have been taken by Harvard to bring about this change; for, as far as we know, nothing has been done, and it is probable that the whole thing is only the result of some idle gossip.

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LAST year the Society of '87 held a meeting on New Year's Eve, to give a "royal welcome" to the New Year of '87. It seems to us that this is a very pretty custom, and one well worthy of continuance as a fixture, here. In a comparatively new Institute such as the Tech., we can have no ancient and time-honored observances, such as the Class Day at Harvard and other colleges, and it is not so easy to start new customs without having some one cry "chestnuts." Therefore when something really new and worth preserving comes up, it is well worth a little effort to insure its continuance. By all means let the Society of '88 have this New Year's Eve meeting this year, and continue the custom so well inaugurated by the Society of '87.

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DURING the foot-ball season just passed, as in others preceding it, a large number of overcoats were stolen from the Union Grounds, while the practice games were in progress in the afternoons. It was no uncommon experience for players who had worn overcoats to the grounds as protection against colds, to find them missing when the game was over and they were ready to return to the gymnasium. Players are not so likely to come out and practice when they run the risk of losing an overcoat, as when they feel that their property is safe, and so it behooves the Foot-Ball Association to do all in its power to stop this nuisance in the future. Either keep all outsiders out of the grounds entirely, or, what is easier, hire a

boy to keep guard over the coats. A reasonable sum would doubtless secure a boy and the players depositing their sweaters and overcoats in one place under his charge, would check the thieving propensities of the muckers that hang around during the games. The subject is worthy of attention, for the value of the stolen articles would pay the salary of the boy ten times over.

WE have been favored by the editors of "Technique" with a sight of the design for the cover. We are much pleased to be able to state that it will be by far the best cover "Technique" has yet had, and that it will be a credit to the Institute, by one of whose students it was designed. The cut represents a jester, with a grave face, leaning against a column, and stirring up in a cauldron bits of wit, wisdom, and wickedness. Dense fumes are being given off from the cauldron, which evolve the word "Technique." The idea of the merry jester's having a grave face, is to portray the fact that there is a serious, as well as a light and laughable side to the book. What we have seen of the inside of "Technique" pleases us as much as the cover.

THERE is great need at the Institute for a series of lectures to the Freshmen on the nature of the different professions for which training is given here. A mere accident often decides for a man the course he is to take, and it would be much better if he was led to think more upon the subject, and was given correct ideas, so that he might think intelligently. He is apt to take up what seems, from the list of subjects in the Catalogue, to be the most interesting course. Certainly a man will do best in what interests, but possibly what on paper seems to fit best, may, in practice, prove very different, and the interest dwindles accordingly. Some of the Freshmen, having friends in the profession they are about to choose, know very well what will be expected of them, and what chance there is for an opening; but the majority have but vague ideas about the actual routine work

of any of the professions. And this every-day work, after all, has most weight in determining the desirability and fitness of any course. It is well, too, for students to know definitely what kind of work they are preparing for, so that they may see better in their Institute work what part the different subjects play, and in many cases a greatly added interest will be given to details, which seem to the uninformed to be utterly useless. It has always been possible for students to consult with professors in regard to courses, but lectures would bring out more points, and more men would seek information.

WE are glad that the upper classes have taken our advice in regard to their Tug-of-War teams, and have decided to put teams into the field. Although there is still some doubt whether there will be an '88 team, owing to the difficulty in getting the Seniors away from their theses, there will be teams from the other three classes, and the Seniors have really tried, which is more than they did last year.

#### Rash Vows.

On Mabel's lip there glowed such charms,  
I could not in my soul resist her;  
I caught her, blushing, in my arms,  
And on those ruddy lips I kissed her.

Till panting, trembling, and afraid  
To give her tender bosom pain,  
I cried, "Forgive, forgive, sweet maid!  
I vow I'll ne'er offend again."

"I do forgive," she kindly cried,  
And sweetly arched her smiling brows,  
"I do forgive," she softly sighed,  
"But, prythee, dear, make no rash vows."

#### A Manuscript Found in a Mad-House.

I AM the eldest son of a numerous family,—  
noble in birth, and eminent for wealth. My  
brothers are a vigorous and comely race,—my  
sisters are more beautiful than dreams. By  
what fatality was it that I alone was thrust into  
this glorious world distorted, and dwarf-like, and

hideous,—my limbs a mockery, my countenance a horror, myself a blackness on the surface of creation,—a discord in the harmony of nature, a living misery, an animated curse? I am shut out from the aims and objects of my race; with the deepest source of affection in my heart, I am doomed to find no living thing on which to pour them. Love!—out upon the word—I am its very loathing and abhorrence; friendship turns from me in disgust; pity beholds me and withers to aversion. Wheresoever I wander I am incompassed with hatred as with an atmosphere. Whatever I attempt, I am in the impassable circle of a dreadful and accursed doom. Ambition, pleasure, philanthropy, fame, the common blessing of social intercourse, are all as *other* circles, which *mine* can touch but in *one* point, and that point is torture. I have knowledge to which the wisdom of ordinary sages is as dust to gold; I have energies to which relaxation is pain; I have benevolence which sheds itself in charity and love over a worm! For what—merciful God!—for what are these blessings of nature or of learning? The instant I employ them I must enter among men; the moment I enter among men, my being blackens into an agony. Laughter grins upon me—terror dogs my steps; I exist upon poison, and my nourishment is scorn!

At my birth the nurse refused me suck; my mother saw me and became delirious; my father ordered that I should be stifled as a monster. The physicians saved my life—accursed be they for the act! One woman—she was old and childless—took compassion upon me; she reared and fed me. I grew up. I asked for something to love; I loved everything—the common earth, the fresh grass, the living insect, the household brute; from the dead stone I trod on, to the sublime countenance of man, made to behold the stars and scorn *me*; from the noblest thing to the prettiest, the fairest to the foulest, I love them *all*! I knelt to my mother, and besought her to love me; she shuddered. I fled to my father, and he spurned me! The lowest minion of the human race that had its limbs shapen and its countenance

formed, refused to consort with me;—the very dog (I only dared to seek out one that seemed more rugged and hideous than its fellows), the very dog dreaded me, and shrunk away! I grew up lonely and wretched; I was the reptile whose prison is the stone's heart,—immured in the eternal penthouse of a solitude to which the breath of fellowship never came; girded with a wall of barrenness and flint, and doomed to vegetate on my own suffocating and poisoned meditations. But while this was my *heart's* dungeon, they could not take from the *external* senses the sweet face of the Universal Nature; they could not bar me from commune with the voices of the mighty dead. Earth opened to me her marvels, and the volumes of the wise their stores. I read,—I mused,—I examined; I descended into the deep wells of Truth, and mirrored in my soul the holiness of her divine beauty. The past lay before me like a scroll; the mysteries of this breathing world rose from the present like clouds. Even of the dark future, experience shadowed forth something of a token and a sign; and over the wonders of the world I hung the intoxicating and mingled spells of poesy and of knowledge. But I could not without a struggle live in a world of love and be the only thing doomed to hatred. "I will travel," said I, "to other quarters of the globe. All earth's have not the proud stamp of angels and of gods, and among its infinite variety I may find a being who will not sicken at myself." I took leave of the only one who had not loathed me—the woman who had given me food, and reared me up to life. She had now become imbecile, and doting, and blind; so she did not disdain to lay her hand upon my distorted head and to bless me. "But better," she said, even as she blessed me, and in despite of her dotage,—“better that you had died at your birth!” And I laughed with a loud laugh when I heard her, and rushed from the house.

One evening in my wanderings, as I issued from a wood, I came abruptly upon the house of a village priest. Around it, from a thick and lofty fence of shrubs which the twilight of summer bathed in dew, the honeysuckle, the sweet-

brier, and the wild-rose sent forth those gifts of fragrance and delight which were not denied even unto me. As I walked slowly behind the hedge, I heard voices on the opposite side; they were the voices of women, and I paused to listen. They spoke of love, and of the qualities which should create it.

"No," said one,—and the words, couched in a tone of music, thrilled to my heart,—“No; it is not beauty which I require in a lover; it is the mind which can command others, and the passion which should bow that mind unto me. I ask for genius and affection. I ask for nothing more.”

"But," said the other voice, "you could not love a monster in person, even if he were a miracle of intellect and love?"

"I could," answered the first speaker, fervently; "if I know my heart, I could. You remember the fable of a girl whom a monster loved? I could have loved *that* monster."

And with these words they passed from my hearing. But I stole around, and through a small crevice in the fence beheld the face and form of the speaker, whose words had opened, as it were, a glimpse of heaven into my heart. Her eyes were soft and deep, her hair, parting from her girlish, smooth brow, was of the hue of gold, her aspect was pensive and melancholy, and over the delicate and transparent paleness of her cheek hung the wanness, but also the eloquence of thought. To other eyes she might not have been beautiful,—to mine, her face was an angel's. From that hour my resolution was taken. I concealed myself in the wood that bordered her house; I made my home with the wild fox in the cavern and the shade; the daylight passed in dreams and passionate delirium, and at evening I wandered forth to watch afar off her footstep, or creep through the copse unseen to listen to her voice; or through the long and lone night to lie beneath the shadow of the house and fix my soul, watchful as a star, upon the windows of the chamber where she slept. I strewed her walks with the leaves of poetry, and at midnight I made the air audible with the breath of music. In my writings and

my songs, whatever in the smooth accents of praise, or the burning language of passion, or the liquid melodies of verse, could awaken her fancy or excite her interest, I attempted. Curses on the attempt! May the hand wither!—may the brain burn!—may the heart shrivel and parch like a leaf that a flame devours, from which the cravings of my ghastly and unnatural love found a channel or an aid! I told her in my verses, in my letters, that I had overheard her confession. I told her that I was a thing which the daylight loathed to look upon; but I told her also that I adored her, and I breathed both my story and her love in the numbers of song, and sung them to the silver chords of my lute with a voice which belied my form, and was not out of harmony with nature. She answered me, and her answer filled the air, that had hitherto been to me a breathing torture, with enchantment and rapture. She repeated that beauty was nothing in her estimation; that to her, all loveliness was in the soul. She told me that one who wrote as I wrote, who felt as I felt, could not be loathsome in her eyes. She told me that she could love me, be my form even more monstrous than I had portrayed it. Fool—miserable fool that I was, to believe her! So, then, shrouded among the trees, and wrapped from head to foot in a mantle, and safe in the oath by which I had bound her not to seek to penetrate my secret or to behold my form before the hour I myself should appoint had arrived, I held commune with her in the deep nights of summer, and beneath the unconscious stars; and while I unrolled to her earnest spirit the marvels of the mystic world and the glories of wisdom, I mingled with my instruction the pathos and passion of love.

"Go," said she, one night as we conferred together,—and through the matted trees I saw, though she beheld me not, that her cheek blushed as she spoke,—“Go, and win from others the wonder you have won from me. Go, pour forth your knowledge to the crowd; go gain the glory of fame, the glory which makes man immortal, and then come back and claim me. I will be yours!”

"Swear it!" cried I.

"I swear!" she said; and as she spoke the moonlight streamed upon her face, flushed as it was with the ardor of the moment and the strangeness of the scene; her eye burnt with a steady and deep fire; and her figure, round which the light fell like the glory of a halo, seemed indistinct, and swelling, as it were, with the determinate energy of the soul. I gazed—and my heart leapt within me. I answered not, but stole silently away; for months she heard of me no more.

I fled to a lonely and far spot. I surrounded myself once more with books. I explored once more the arcane of science; I ransacked once more the starry regions of poetry; and then upon the mute page I poured the thoughts and the treasures which I had stored within me! I sent the product, without a name, upon the world. The world received it—approved it; and it became fame. Philosophers bowed in wonder before my discoveries; the pale student in cell and cloister pored over the mines of learning which I had dragged into day; the maidens in their bowers blushed and sighed, as they drank in the burning pathos of my verse. The old and the young, all sects and countries, united in applause and enthusiasm for the unknown being who held, as they averred, the genii of wisdom and the spirits of verse in mighty and wizard spells, which few had ever won, and none had ever blended before.

I returned to *her*; I sought a meeting under the same mystery and conditions as of old; I proved myself that unknown whose name filled all ears and occupied all tongues. Her heart foreboded it already! I claimed my reward! And in the depth and deadness of night, when not a star crept through the curtain of cloud and gloom, when not a gleam struggled against the blackness, not a breath stirred the heavy torpor around us—that reward was yielded. The dense woods and eternal hills were the sole witness of our bridals; and girt with darkness as with a robe, she leant upon my bosom, and shuddered not at the place of repose!

Thus only we met; but for months we *did* meet, and I was blessed. At last the fruit of our ominous love could no longer be concealed. It became necessary, either that I should fly with her, or wed her with the rites and ceremonies of man, as I had done amid the more sacred solemnities of nature. In either case disclosure was imperious and unavoidable; I took, therefore, that which gratitude ordained. Beguiled by her assurances, touched by her trust and tenderness, maddened by her tears, duped by my own heart, I agreed to meet her, and for the first time openly reveal myself,—at the foot of the altar!

The appointed day came. At our mutual wish only two witnesses were present besides the priest and the aged and broken-hearted father, who consented solely to our singular marriage because my story was less terrible to him than disgrace. *She* had prepared them to see a distorted and fearful abortion; but—ha! ha! ha!—she had not prepared them to see *me*! I entered; all eyes but *her's* were turned to me; a unanimous cry was uttered; the priest involuntarily closed the book and muttered the exorcism for a fiend; the father covered his face with his hands and sunk upon the ground; the other witnesses . . . rushed screaming from the chapel. It was twilight; the tapers burned dim and faint; I approached my bride, who, trembling and weeping beneath her long veil, had not dared to look at me.

"Behold me!" said I; "my bride, my beloved, behold thy husband!"

I raised her veil; she saw my countenance glare full upon her, uttered one shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. I raised her not; I stirred not; I spoke not. I saw my doom was fixed, my curse complete, and my heart lay mute, and cold, and dead within me, like a stone. Others entered; they bore away the bride. By little and little the crowd assembled to gaze upon the monster, in mingled derision and dread. *Then* I recollected myself, and arose. I scattered them in terror before me, and uttering a single and piercing cry, I rushed forth and hid myself in the wood.



But at night, at the hour in which I had been accustomed to meet her, I stole forth again. I approached the house; I climbed the wall; I entered the window; I was in her chamber. All was still and solitary. I saw not a living thing there, but the lights burned bright and clear. I drew near to the bed; I beheld a figure stretched upon it, a taper at the feet and a taper at the head, so there was plenty of light for me to see my bride. She was a corpse. . . .

ALBION.

### The Modern Romance.

We had walked, and bathed, and boated,  
 Played tennis, and likewise whist.  
 He had been my partner always,  
 That summer at Maveriste.  
 At last his vacation ended;  
 His four weeks' time had sped,  
 And back to the dusty city  
 Must go my darling Fred.

I knew he was going to ask me,  
 As we sat there that last afternoon,  
 In the shade of the dark-green spruces,  
 Where a thrush was whistling his tune.  
 Gently he bent above me:  
 "May I dare, my dear, to hope  
 To hear," he whispered softly,  
 "That you use Ivory Soap?"

### An Indian Reservation.

LAST summer a friend invited me to accompany him on a photographing trip to the Hoopa Reservation, which lay off in the mountains, some seventy-five miles from the town where I was spending my vacation; and on my acceptance of the invitation, arrangements were made whereby we were to start a week later. Two cameras, with a generous store of plates, were packed in a strong box, and sent on a few miles, by boat, to the place from which a pack train was to start for the Reservation a few days afterward. The day the pack train left, we traveled part way by boat and rail; and when we stepped from the train, we found a couple of saddle-mules awaiting us, the rest of the train being on ahead. Our steeds did not wait to buck, but as soon as we were on their backs set off in royal

fashion to overtake the mules traveling ahead. When we approached the train each fresh jingle of the bell set our mules braying, thereby nearly shaking us off, and proclaiming our presence from afar. As soon as we joined the crowd our mules became immediately lazy and silent, save giving now and then a heart-felt grunt. We made friends very quickly with the packers, and at the proper time halted and took dinner with them. As the train went no farther that day we left them early in the afternoon, after taking a photograph, and hurried on to our stopping-place. By vigorous use of spur and switch we reached the ranch that evening before night-fall, and were entertained by a Chinaman, who presided in the absence of the owner. Our host hardly seemed a Chinaman at all, he was so different from most of his countrymen; for he could ride a horse as well as many a white, was a crack shot with a rifle, and was wedded to a squaw. "Charley" was the proud father of a two-year-old boy, and the little chap, half Mongolian, half Indian, was said to be a bright, intelligent child, with considerable of a resemblance to a monkey.

This ranch was not more than fifteen miles from the Reservation, and as we were in no hurry, we fished during the whole of the next morning in the creek running near the house, and succeeded in catching a hundred and fifty trout before noontime. The road terminated at this point, and the rest of the distance was traveled that afternoon by a trail over the roughest country imaginable. After a steady climb of two hours we took along the crests of divides that form the water-shed between two river-courses, and after a circuitous journey along the nearly level back-bone, we began the descent. The region here was extremely wild; on every side were great black chasms, and steep, precipitous buttes, treeless and bare. At one place the trail was cut in the face of a precipice, a hundred or more feet above a little stream that found its way amid giant boulders. But the sure-footed mules carried us safely over all such places, and at length we emerged into full view of the Hoopa Valley, where Fort Gas-

ton is stationed, and where nearly all the Reservation Indians live. Besides the fort, there were in the valley a hotel, stable, and sutler's store,—a veritable country store, where everything was kept for sale, from a tooth-pick or gun to the vilest whiskey manufactured.

Drawing up to the hotel we turned over the mules to a hostler, and after arranging our toilet as well as circumstances would allow, we presented ourselves to the officer in command, with letters of introduction. From him we learned that there were nearly five hundred Indians on the Reservation, which is about ten miles square, and that a single company of soldiers was stationed there. The fort was established shortly after the Modoc War, and for quite a time was the scene of considerable trouble with the red men. Now, however, all was peaceful and quiet, the Indians having settled down to civilized ways of living. The pack train was not expected in till late on the morrow, so we spent the morning on a mountain, seven miles from the fort, between which places the soldiers were signaling by means of flags and heliographs. The flags used were large white ones with red centres, various movements of these making up an alphabet. The soldiers took turns at signaling, and at watching by telescope and interpreting the movements of the flag at the fort. After some difficulty the heliograph was set up and regulated, and worked admirably in the end. The instrument consisted of a concave mirror reflecting the sunlight and capable of being aimed. When the two heliographs were regulated so that the flash from each was visible from the other, the light was broken by a movable shade, giving the effect of dot and dash as in telegraphy, the alphabet being the same, I believe, as that used in telegraphing. The view from this point was most enchanting. There lay the level oval valley, stretching out for three miles, green with grain and fruit-trees; the swift Trinity, with its yellow waters, winding through the centre; the quaint Indian dwellings, collected in villages among groups of sturdy oaks; the fort, with its glistening white; and around on all sides the formidable

mountains, rugged and inaccessible, with Trinity Summit on the north, lifting its snow-covered peak above all its neighbors. We took a photograph from this point a few days later, but good as it was, it could only give an idea, for the effects of color were lost in it. On our return to the valley we found the pack train already arrived and unpacked, with our outfit uninjured. Two views were taken before dark, and the evening was spent socially with the doctor's family. The company was mustered in for dress parade next morning, and I was forcibly reminded of my martial experience as a Freshman. The clouds that had veiled the mountains all the morning darkened toward noon, and soon the rain came down in torrents, driving all humans to the store, where we also spent our time making friends with the Indians. Next morning we visited them at their homes, and looked about their little farms. We were surprised to find how well their houses and barns were built, and the quantity and quality of their grain and fruit would have done honor to many a white farmer. Under the direction of the government farmer, a bright young Swede, the Indians have made great progress in the peaceful arts. Besides working on their farms they ran a saw-mill, that is supplied with power by the swift current of the Trinity. The bucks were all intelligent and industrious, the majority of them working on their farms, though many of the young men find occupation as packers on the various pack-trains. The squaws were a comely lot, and did much of the hard work; all the washing for the fort was done by them. Though somewhat afraid of our camera, the Indians, with their families, were induced to let us photograph them, with very good results. The afternoon was spent in taking portraits—an undertaking that proved rather difficult, as they had to be taken in some shady spot in the open air. Another day we tarried in this delightful vale, riding the proverbial government mule, taking views, and shooting at a target; and only too sorry were we when the next day dawned and we made our exit, as we had arrived, on the hurricane decks of our mules.



## A Dream.

I DREAMED a dream. I was but a lad of twelve years. One gray November afternoon I fell asleep and dreamed the dream, the cursed thing that has blighted my life and my hopes. From the time I threw myself on the bed that afternoon in November, I knew no more till three weeks had passed. My mother told me afterward that I awoke at twilight with a piercing scream. She hurried to where I was lying, but I did not know her. A physician was called at once, but my delirium had obtained full sway. For three weeks I raved and tossed in a torturing pain. They called it brain fever caused by intense mental strain. Friends of the family pointed to me as another victim of the overpressure of modern schools. But they were all wrong. It was the dream, the frightful vision that shook my being to its centre and unseated reason from her throne.

How shall I tell it? With death staring into my eyes, and longing for the last embrace, is it strange that my pen trembles, and the words fail to come. I can see it now. The whole scene stands out before me, sharp and clear as stand the trees against an autumn landscape. I felt that strange loss of personality which comes at times to every one. I was outside of everything, including myself. Suddenly, in my dream, a mist seemed to form before my eyes. Yet, more quickly it cleared away. I could see objects as clearly as I see the paper upon which I write these words. It was a winter scene. The alder bushes in the foreground were stark and bare. Just beyond them was a sheet of ice upon which several youths were skating. I saw them wheel in graceful curves over the frozen surface. I saw myself among them. The features, the bearing, I recognized as my own — a trifle more mature, but yet the same. As I gazed at this second me, this stranger self, I heard a cry from one of the other youths. A crash that startled all the gay company was heard. I saw them stand for a moment paralyzed with terror. A scene of wild confusion followed. In the midst of it all I saw my

counterpart tear the rails from the fence and creep slowly out toward his drowning friend. I saw him grasp the hands of the struggling lad and hold him above the water. The shouts of those on shore greeted the brave achievement. All at once to my horror, I saw the rescuer — myself — grow pale. He loosed his hold on the drowning boy, and fell back on the board a helpless, inert mass. The poor fellow in the water sank into the icy depths. I felt my head reel. All was dim.

But the dream had not reached its height of horror and agony. Still with the same uncanny feeling that I was a spectator of the world rather than a participant in it, I found myself gazing at another scene. There was a room, a room strangely darkened and hushed. The very tension of the air seemed to indicate what kind of event was about to befall some poor mortal. I remember the touch of pity with which I bent forward to look at the face of the unfortunate, lying in the bed, propped up with pillows. Merciful Heaven! It was myself!

Dear, pitying faces were grouped around the bedside. The kind old family doctor leaned over me and shook his head sadly. I saw myself try to speak, but the sound came not. I saw the pained and tearful expression of the loved ones. I had infinite compassion for myself. Every act burned itself into my soul like a white iron. All at once I saw myself gasp convulsively and clutch at the air in front as if striving to keep my hold on the material. I heard the grim death-rattle in my throat. I saw myself dying. I was dead. . . . Is it strange that I waked in a maniacal frenzy from a dream such as this?

I was young, however. So soon as I recovered from the raging fever into which I had fallen, the terrible nightmare haunted me no more. My boyhood was happy. Trouble and care were given the go-by; mirth and jollity stepped to the front. I spent the years in that happy-go-lucky spirit, granted only to youth.

I entered college at the age of eighteen, and my first two years flew by swiftly and pleasantly. In the Christmas vacation of my Junior year I

went to spend the holidays with my chum. I can hardly bear to relate the calamity that overtook our pleasures. We started out with our skates one bright December morning. The ground was free from snow, and the ice was said to be in fine condition. . . .

You may guess at the catastrophe. I was lying at full length on a board holding my chum's head above the water, and fully expecting to get him out of the scrape safe and sound. As I was holding him in that position, the thought of that awful dream came to me with a vividness that baffles all description. There were the same stiff alders, the sullen water, the mossy fence-rails of that prophetic vision. Like a flash the old horror came back. I fainted dead away, and lay on the board, a useless lump of clay. I was told some weeks afterwards that one of the bystanders, at great peril to himself, had rescued me from my dangerous situation. I often wish I, too, had slid down into the icy grave. What untold suffering and agony unspeakable it would have spared me!

Perhaps you may faintly conceive of my present condition. The first part of my dream has been fulfilled to the uttermost; the second yet remains. I am calmer now. I can look forward to the dread future without fear or trembling. And yet the thought is always with me. The surroundings of my death-bed accompany me on my walks, are with me at my country-seat, and press themselves upon me at home. Day by day they utter their ominous prophecy and night by night they creep into my dreams. At times I am fain to rebel against the cruel bondage of my task masters, but I am soon crushed back into abject submission. It is hard indeed to kick against the pricks. Every movement thrusts the iron deeper into my soul.

My struggles avail nothing. The day is fast approaching. I know the hour and minute at which I am to die. I know the room. Every object in the apartment has been arranged so as to be in harmony with the appearance of my dream. My friends have been notified to be present. Most of them regard me insane. Perhaps I am. The knowledge of a death

such as mine is enough to break the soul of the strongest.

The clock is ticking. You can hear the rush of Time toward Eternity. . . .

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#### Noticeable Articles.

THE *Fortnightly* for November has a paper by the very able professor of History at English Cambridge, Professor Seeley, addressed to the members of the Midland Institute, and entitled "A Midland University." The Midland Institute is a very flourishing modern institution of learning at Birmingham, which is fast growing into the proportions of a university, and is proposing to adopt the name; but Professor Seeley warns his hearers against copying the organization of the famous old University from which he comes. "These old universities," he says, "stand before us majestic as old trees; and they are trees, as I hold, still full of sap and vigor. But a tree is not a model; and you cannot make a tree, however much you may admire it; nor can you reproduce the curious organization which, through special circumstances in a long course of time, has grown up in our old universities. The mere forms, no doubt, you might reproduce; but the fitness of them, their adaptation to the environment, you cannot reproduce. Another Cambridge planted in Birmingham would be, as it seems to me, not really a Cambridge at all. And even if it were a Cambridge, many defects, many abuses, excusable enough in an old institution, which, like other old institutions, has traversed bad times, would be inexcusable when transformed, when deliberately reproduced." Among these defects and abuses he is especially severe, as indeed are almost all the most eminent scholars and men of science in England, upon the competitive examination system; that degrading struggle for money prizes and honors, so much of which goes on at Oxford and Cambridge, and which is so destructive to the love of knowledge for its own sake. "It happened," he says, "that both Oxford and Cambridge, in the eighteenth century, had sunk very low, and that many abuses had crept into their organization. These abuses, these perversions, filled the foreground; and accordingly, when the era of reform began, and we began to ask ourselves what a university ought to be, we

were led to mistake the excrescences, the deranged machinery, or the makeshift arrangements which had taken the place of machinery which had ceased to work—all this chaos we mistook, and could scarcely avoid mistaking, for the true, proper, and normal organization of a university. From this cause arose two principal errors. Oxford and Cambridge were rich in old foundations, all, no doubt, originally well-meant, and some really useful. Among them were a great many prizes for the victors in university competitions, and there were also a great many fellowships, which, during the period of languor, had come to be regarded as mere prizes. The idea of encouraging the industry of youth by rewards, is very natural and pretty. When the rewards are moderate, and in a school, it may perhaps do good, or in any case no great harm. But practised on a gigantic scale, in a great university, it may lead to very unexpected results. It is one thing to give a medal for a clever copy of verses, and quite another thing to reward a young man for passing a good examination with an income of two hundred pounds a year, to be enjoyed for an indefinite time, and almost without conditions. . . . “Under this system the fellowship rules everything, and all other motives fall into the background; while all authorities, the father and the college-tutor, conspire to tell the young man that he must study, not for self-improvement, not for science, not for the service of the world, but simply for a living.”

How degrading this system has been to Oxford and Cambridge, those know best who have watched them most carefully. It is the real reason why, with all their vast resources, they have contributed so much less to the advancement of knowledge than the comparatively poor German universities, where young men go to gain knowledge for its own sake. Under such a system Professor Seeley says: “The young man is treated as a boy; science is degraded to a trick; study is desecrated; education is degraded; at the same time the brain of the student is overwrought; his view of life is perverted, and sometimes his character is permanently enfeebled by those competitive examinations which, not many years ago, were so fashionable among us. I speak strongly, but I speak of what I know. . . . I fancy that of late years the pressure of competition at Cambridge and Oxford has been considerably relaxed, but I remember it when it was at its height; and now when I call to mind the maxims that were

current under that system, the low and vulgar view of our studies which we were tempted to take—tempted do I say? Nay, which we were openly instructed and exhorted by our teachers to take—I confess that I am sometimes disposed to distrust my memory, and to think that what it presents to me must be a bad dream.”

This paper, giving as it does the view of so able and eminent a scholar of what a modern university should be, is very interesting. How far his own methods and teaching are from the system he has so heartily denounced, may be seen in the last number of the “Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.” It is number ten of the fifth series of this valuable serial, and is entitled “The Study of History in England and Scotland,” by Paul Fredericq, Professor in the University of Ghent, and is translated by Miss Henrietta Leonard, A.B., of Smith College. The chapter on the study of History in the Scotch Universities, is, strange to say, almost as short as the famous chapter in Horrebrow on the snakes in Ireland; but the account of the present methods of teaching the subject at Oxford and Cambridge is very interesting, and contains very instructive lists of books.

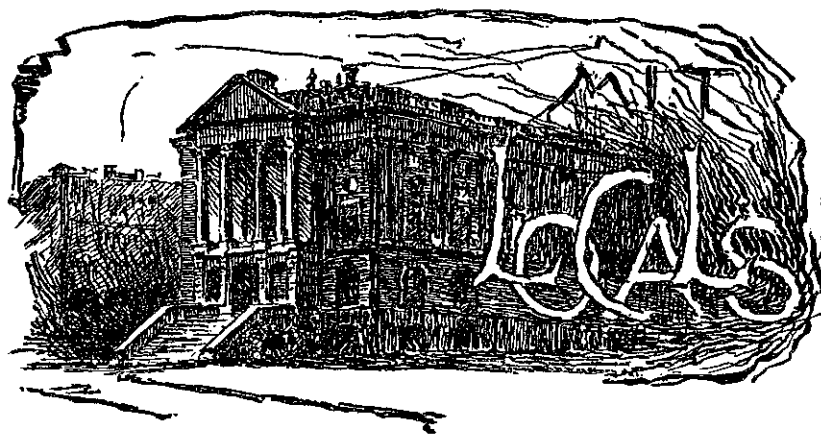
If any readers of THE TECH have already been led by their study of the details of physical science to take an interest in those metaphysical problems to which the study of science inevitably leads,—and this, to the present writer, seems by no means impossible,—such readers will certainly be interested in a paper on the philosophy of that remarkable German writer, Hermann Lotze, whose work, “Microcosmus,” has lately been translated into English. The paper is by Professor St. George Mivart, who is an ardent disciple of the doctrine of evolution, and at the same time a devout Roman Catholic. Trying to account for the materialistic views of science which are so common nowadays, he says: “Science, in the popular sense of the word, progresses by the discovery of uniformities in the co-existences and sequences of phenomena, and conceptions which relate not to phenomena, but to existences supposed to underlie phenomena, cannot be expected *a priori* to have much influence on such scientific discovery. Experience confirms this anticipation. The progress of physiological and medical science (of which he is particularly speaking) has been in part due to . . . investigations conducted in harmony with mechanical conceptions. No wonder,

then, that physiologists are inclined to favor what has been found of such practical utility. In the next place it is a law of the mind that not even the most abstract thoughts can take place except by the help of the imagination, and nothing can be imagined by us which has not been the subject of sense-perception. But this is by no means all. The imagination is most easily affected by objects which can be distinctly seen and definitely felt, as shown by the terms we spontaneously employ to describe various bodily and mental affections. Thus people speak of 'a *sharp* pain,' 'like a knife,' a 'light character,' a 'hard heart,' a 'bright disposition,' and say that ill tidings have given them a 'heavy blow.' Therefore, a mechanical conception of nature, which imagines natural processes in terms of motion, must naturally and readily find acceptance among men, whether or not it be approved by reason on mature reflection." . . . But, our author goes on also to affirm that "beyond the domains of merely physical science (which, though much, is not everything), reason does demand a non-mechanical conception, namely, the conception of an immanent, active principle or soul in everything which lives." Third-year students who attended to my remarks on Philosophy in the lecture on Coleridge, will find something in this to think about; and it throws light on what some are pleased to call the mysticism of Wordsworth's poetry.

Let me solemnly and affectionately exhort all young readers of THE TECH to spend days and nights in acquiring a good hand-writing, lest, when they grow older, and their chirography is past mending, and they chance to write something for the press of which they do not see the proofs, they should find that they have been made to talk of a traveler in Arabia with the extraordinary name of *Palyzadi*, and of an entirely new dynasty of English kings, namely the *Burgeoise* kings! The bewildered readers, if any, of the article in the last number, will please read *Palgrave* and *Angevin*. The last misprint reminds the present writer of a story told him by a learned friend who wrote a shocking bad hand. "Please, Mr. —," said the printer to him one day, covering a line of manuscript with his thumbs all but one word, "is that word Jerusalem or Nebuchadnezzar?" and my learned friend confessed he could not tell.

Kittlewill, too, should have been Kettlewell.

W. P. A.



Buy "Technique!"

Cheer your Tug-of-War team!

'Rah for "Technique"!

Send *her* a copy of "Technique."

The "Quarterly" will be out shortly.

That bonfire cost thirty-seven dollars.

M. I. T. A. C. Gym., Saturday, 2 P. M.

The "Technique" prospectus was a good idea.

The '88 Electricals have begun their dynamo tests.

Overheard in the Biological Lab.: "Do you eat Gofio?"

The Eleven are to be photographed by Hastings, Saturday,

The Banjo Club idea seems to have fallen through, owing to lack of interest.

Evening lectures are now in full blast, and are well attended by Techs.

It is said that both buildings are to be lighted throughout by electricity.

The Senior Miners recently visited the manufactory of the Golden Gate Concentrator.

Durfee, Tracy, and Vorce were the Tech. delegates at the foot-ball convention.

Classes in second-year mathematics have been changed, owing to the illness of Mr. French.

The wooden steps are being placed on Rogers in anticipation of the Freshman class dinner.

Nathan Durfee, '89, is the President of the Eastern Inter-Collegiate Foot-Ball Association.

Every one should attend the Athletic Club Meeting, and cheer for his class Tug-of-War Team.

Thirty dollars was voted for the purchase of a championship pennant for the Institute at the convention.

The Architectural Society have issued a very pretty prospectus for their new paper, the *Architectural Review*.

At recent memoir meetings of the Miners, A. E. Woodward read a paper entitled "Does Mining Pay?"

A third-year Architect recently said he was going to decorate the background of his design with "shrubbage."

The Association gymnasium swarms in the afternoon with Techs., now that out-door exercise is no longer possible.

The Sophomores tried to hang a flag between the two buildings a short time ago, but the janitor was too much for them.

Several Tech. men have lately played short engagements at the Globe, supported by Mrs. Langtry and her Company.

Mrs. Wm. B. Rogers has resumed her Wednesday evening receptions to Tech. students, at her home on Marlboro Street.

A Freshman having a folding-bed with a mirror in the front, arose in the morning and crawled under the bed to brush his hair.

The series of ten-hour boiler tests for the Mechanicals and Electricals of '88, began December 8th. The tests began at 6.30 A. M.

Third-year German,—M. W., translating: "Und sprache dem armen Jüngling mut ins Hertz." Imbued courage into his heart."

*Found.* On a Freshman Chemistry paper: "Specific Gravity is that attraction the earth has for different bodies." We live and learn.

It has been decided to raise the price of the *Architectural Review* from one to two dollars a volume. Its outlook is at present very satisfactory.

Mr. I. L. H. Gardiner '89, has been elected an editor of THE TECH, and begins his duties with this number. He is a welcome addition to the board.

Where was the ubiquitous Chemist with his bottle, during that antimony run. The air in the Lab. at that time surely deserved a chemical analysis.

The first blast furnace run for antimony ever made in this country, was made in the Mining Lab. last week, by the Brunswick Antimony Co., of Boston.

The Chess Club are going to start a game by correspondence with the Chess Club of the University of Cincinnati. About two moves per week will be made.

A brace of Biologicals attended the meeting of the Psychical Society, held a short time since in the Natural History Building. They proposed studying mind, as well as body.

The artful architect may now be seen with his pockets full of some other fellow's triangles and four drawing-boards under his arm, trying to catch the passing horse-car without losing his hat.

The Institute now possesses four publications, THE TECH, "Technique," *Quarterly* and *Review*. Harvard and Yale each possess five. No other place that we are aware of has more than three.

It is said that at Harvard, 74 out of every 100 men who enter, graduate; at Yale, 75. At the Institute, less than 30 finally leave with the degree of S. B., although '88 bids fair to raise this number to 35.

The first meeting of the Athletic Club will be held next Saturday, at the "Gym." The usual events will be contested, and the prizes will be silver medals. Gold medals will be awarded to record-breakers.

The Society of Arts met at the Institute on the evening of December 8th. Mr. George S. Strong, of New York, read a paper on the Strong Locomotive. The lecture was illustrated by lantern views.

At Amherst, applause in the class-room is manifested by snapping the fingers; at Cornell, by tapping pencils on the arm-rests; at Wes-

leyan, by imitating with the lips a popping cork. At the M. I. T., the boys usually stamp on the floor.

Harold O. Binney, '88, recently received an appointment as Assistant Examiner at the United States Patent Office, at Washington, and has left the Institute to accept the position. His work will be in connection with various forms of dynamos.

The recent antimony run in the Mining Lab. had the bad effect of poisoning the Senior Miners quite badly, all of them being taken with severe chills and headaches the night after the run. Two of them did not turn up at the Tech. for two days after the run.

The Hammer and Tongs Club dined at Young's, and initiated Messrs. Devens, '88, and Sturges, '90. Several of the '87 members were present. Mr. Binney resigned his office of President, as he was obliged to leave the Institute, and Mr. W. L. Harris was elected to the vacant position.

The officers of the Foot-Ball Association for the next year, are as follows: President, N. Durfee, '89; Vice-Presidents, O. F. Wadsworth, Jr., '89 and H. W. Clement, '90; Secretary and Treasurer, E. B. Stearns, '90; Manager, W. H. Merrill, '89. The captain will be elected shortly by the team.

The next number of THE TECH will be an especial Christmas number. The editors had hoped to be able to have a photogravure of the Eleven to be issued with it; but owing to the fact that the team has not yet been photographed, it will probably be impossible to get this out in time.

Recent mentions in the Architectural Department are as follows: Seniors, monumental fountain, 1st, Bigelow; 2d, Proctor and Shattuck. Fish market, 1st, Moore; 2d, Bigelow. Juniors, bridge and pavilion in a park, 1st, Pietsch; 2d, Mauran, Case, Crane, and Wales. Page in "Technique," 1st, Kilham; 2d, Pietsch. Accepted designs, Wales and Case.

In speaking of the recent convention of the Eastern Intercollegiate Foot-Ball Association,

the *Springfield Republican* said that the general tone of the meeting would lead one to believe that Williams will not be admitted next fall. Inasmuch as nothing was said of this matter at the meeting, such a conclusion as this was utterly unwarranted.

The Senior Miners have been assigned final thesis subjects as follows: C. F. Hastings, The Smelting of a Lead Silver Ore; J. M. Sully, Treatment of a Gold Silver Ore; A. S. Warren, Copper Silver Ore; A. E. Woodward, Nickel Ore. Besides these, which will be the regular thesis work, each man has been assigned some subject for original investigation, some ore about which little is known being given him to work upon. These subjects are as follows: C. F. Hastings, A Determination of the Total Heat of Fusion of Iron Slags; J. M. Sully, A Method of Treatment of a Georgia Gold Ore; A. S. Warren and A. E. Woodward, A Method of Treatment for a Black Hills Gold Ore.

The postponed annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Press Association was held at Young's, December 9th. The following papers were represented: *The Amherst Student*, *The Bates Student*, *The Cadet*, *The Harvard Crimson*, *The Dartmouth*, *The Beacon*, THE TECH, *The Tuftonian*, *The Wesleyan Argus*, *The Williams Weekly*, and *The Williams Lit.* Twenty delegates were present. The following officers were elected: President, Abbot, of Harvard; Vice-Presidents, J. C. Edgerly, of Tufts, L. F. English, of Dartmouth, Wm. Barnes, Jr., of Harvard; Recording Secretary, E. J. Small, of Bates; Corresponding Secretary, C. S. Severance, of Middlebury; Executive Committee, G. H. Hero, of Tufts, King, of Harvard, J. H. Towne, of Technology, Hobson, of *The Beacon*, and Chancellor, of *The Amherst Student*.

The Eastern Inter-Collegiate Foot-Ball Association held its second meeting of the year in Springfield, December 7th, and elected officers. There were ten delegates present, as follows: Institute of Technology, Durfee, Tracy, and Vorce; Dartmouth, Kelly and Blair; Trinity, Morgan and Barber; Amherst, Smith and Good-



win; Stevens, Uhenhaut. The following officers were elected: President, N. Durfee, of Technology; Vice-President, H. Blair, of Dartmouth; Secretary, W. Scudder, of Trinity; Treasurer, H. A. Smith, of Amherst. The report of the officers was very satisfactory, especially that of the Treasurer, which showed that the Association is free from debt. The championship was formally awarded to the Institute of Technology, and it was announced that the others stood in this order: Dartmouth, Trinity, Amherst, and Stevens Institute. The constitution and playing rules were discussed, and a number of changes were proposed, but no very radical ones were carried. It was, however, voted that when a referee is chosen who finds that he cannot serve, he shall provide a substitute, to do away with the possibility of having to accept one who is prejudiced in favor of either contestant. A motion to have two referees was lost.

#### College Notes.

There are 603 students at Princeton.

German universities are taking up foot-ball.

The Williams College buildings are to be lighted by electricity.

Senator Ingalls, the President of the Senate, is a graduate of Williams College.

There are sixteen Chicago men in the Sheffield Freshman Class at Yale.

In the Amherst Freshman Class only nineteen men out of ninety-three use tobacco.

Forty-one books written by Yale Professors have been published within the last six years.

In 1888-89 Harvard will have \$12,000 from the Price-Greenleaf fund for the aiding of needy students.

It is said that Princeton has a college telegraph company, which has stations in all the dormitories.

Lafayette students were disappointed because the Faculty declined to give them a three weeks' vacation Christmas.

Harding, the Exeter quarter-back, received the prize for playing his position best during the season.

Sears will be captain of the eleven at Harvard next year, Corbin at Yale, and Cowan at Princeton.

Holden is expected to return to Harvard next year, to take a post-graduate course and play on the eleven.—*Ex.*

At a recent meeting of the Princeton Club in New York, \$1,100 was raised and presented to the Princeton Base-Ball Association.

The recently established University Club, of Chicago, has over 300 members already, and has raised a building fund of \$15,000.

At Amherst, a barrel of cider is given each year to the class winning the greatest number of events in the annual athletic sports.

Cornell University, through Professor Wilder, has been presented with the head of one of the elephants which perished in the fire at Barnum's winter quarters.

At Ohio State University, students are required to sign their names on examination papers, to the statement that they have neither given nor received assistance.—*Ex.*

An incident at the Yale game, which was amusing as well as indicative of sand, was the presence of two girls arrayed in crimson, and cheering for Harvard, on the top of a distinctively Yale coach.—*Crimson.*

W. Byrd Page, the champion running high jumper, is going to stop record-breaking after he makes two more attempts. He is attending the University of Pennsylvania, and devoting himself to the study of electricity.—*Ex.*

Two thirds of the Dartmouth students work their way through college. A few years ago a certain student's principal source of income was from sawing wood. At present, the same man draws a salary of \$5,000 a year as a civil engineer.—*Ex.*

Mr. J. S. White, Harvard '70, and Mr. Walter Camp, Yale, '80, advocate a number of important changes in foot-ball rules. Chief among these is a proposition to have the second half of the game start with the teams in the same relative positions as those in which they were at the close of the first half.—*Crimson.*



## THE CLOCK.

There's a beautiful clock not often seen —  
 No wonder, in sooth, for it's owned by a queen;  
 And it's neither mahogany, ivory, nor gold,  
 It's not very new and it's not very old.  
 It's a dainty, enticing beguiler of time,  
 It's a striking affair, too, without bell or chime.  
 With this simple prelude I'll own, tho' it's shocking —  
 That the clock I admire is the clock on her stocking.

— *Yale Record.*

## DOWN THE ROAD TO SALLY'S.

Down the road to Sally's,  
 Fast and deep  
 The shadows creep,  
 O'er the hills and valleys;  
 Sun has set,  
 And no moon yet  
 Lights the road to Sally's.

Be it night,  
 Or daylight bright,  
 Ne'er the old mare dallies;  
 Well she knows  
 The way she goes,  
 And the road to Sally's.

Maiden fair  
 With golden hair —  
 Sunlight with it tallies —  
 Waits for me,  
 And her I'll see  
 Down the road to Sally's.

Sally's eyes  
 Are like the skies,  
 When the sunshine rallies;  
 How they'll smile  
 When this last mile  
 Ends the road to Sally's!

— *Courant.*

She was a sweet New Brunswick girl,  
 Of course extremely bright.  
 My call on her was at an end;—  
 'Twas time to say good-night.  
 I threw my arms around her neck,—  
 She cried aloud, and fled;—  
 Then holding up her little hand,  
 "Foul tackle, sir," she said.

— *Williams Weekly.*

## AN AUTUMN LEAF.

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,  
 "And my arms are the book, you know;  
 So I'll put the leaf in the book, you see,  
 And tenderly press it,— so."

The maid looked up with a glance demure,  
 And blushes her fair cheeks wore,  
 As she softly whispered, "The leaf, I'm sure,  
 Needs pressing a little more."

— *Ex.*

## A WARNING.

Once I was a happy college-man,  
 No cares oppressed my mind;  
 I ran up bills as I went along,  
 And left them far behind.  
 My livery bills I quite forgot,  
 My tailor's bills as well;  
 When asked how much I owed my chum,  
 I never quite could tell.

Alas! alas! now all is changed,  
 Altho' I fume and fret;  
 Those wretched bills I once ran up,  
 I never can forget.  
 They're with me while the daylight lasts,  
 They haunt me in my sleep;  
 Their horrid presence fills my mind  
 Tho' rapt in *slumbers* deep.

I'm now a wretched college-man,  
 Thus with my cares beset;  
 No longer trifles slip my mind,—  
 I've taken of *Loisette*.

— *Williams Weekly.*

Absent-mindedness: "Have you got a high-spirited horse?"

"Yes, sir," returned the liveryman.

"One of those regular tearers?"

"Yes."

"A horse that would jump right out of his harness if you tapped him with the whip?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to hear it. Now if you'll hitch up a slow nag, that has to be kicked to go ten feet, I'll take him out."— *Tid-Bits.*

In court: "Prisoner, you have murdered your wife. You say it was to get rid of her; but why didn't you apply for a divorce?"

"In the interest of my fellow-men, your Honor. I wasn't goin' to have some poor, hard-workin', innercent feller get hold of her, and have him suffer what I have done. No, sir-ee."

— *Fudge.*